memorial of life's uncertainty, for it informs me, beneath it is depoſited the remains of ſix young children, together with their mother; alas! the branches, juſt as they began to ſprout out, were ſuddenly lopped off, and, in a few months after, the root itſelf withered and decayed; how frail is man! how tranſient all below! a few more days, it may be only hours, and I, though young in years, muſt die, for time even lengthened out to threeſcore years and ten, is but like ſo many moments, compared to that eternity which awaits us all beyond the grave.

Not many weeks ago, a youth about *eighteen* years of age, lively,

lively, ſtrong, and blooming, with health flushing in his cheek, and pleaſure ſparkling in his eye, was ſuddenly taken ill with a putrid fever, and in *three* days time departed this life; his ſoul took its flight from the abode of mortals, and left its earthly tabernacle to crumble into native duſt; amidſt the tears and lamentations of mourning relatives and ſorrowing friends.

However young you may be, reader, know this ſolemn truth, you are not *too* young to *die*, for graves of every length and age preſent themſelves to view; life, health, and wealth, are all uncertain reſpecting their continuance; none can be ſure they'll live

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